

## HOME READING.

## COMING.

At a hour at midnight, or at the cock-crow  
in the morning.

It may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
And watch the sinking sun,  
When the long bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
With thoughts of me;  
When you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thringing footsteps  
May come the sound of my feet;  
Therefore I tell you—Watch  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,  
For it may be through the gloaming  
I will come.

It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
Along the sand;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house,  
When the fire burns low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed;  
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
See your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be at midnight  
I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn  
Of the golden sun,  
Which draweth high;  
When the mists are on the valleys, shading  
The rivers high;  
And my morning star is fading, fading  
Over the hill;  
Behold! I say to you—Watch!  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,  
For the dawn is before the dawn,  
As even the night and morning,  
I may come.

It may be in the morning,  
When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
Over the little lawn;  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
Along the shore,  
And the birds are singing sweetly  
About the door;  
When the long day's work before you,  
You rise up with the sun,  
And the neighbors come in to talk a little  
Of all that must be done;  
Let me remember that I may be the next  
To come in at the door,  
To call you from all your busy work  
Forevermore;  
As you work your heart must watch,  
For the door is on the latch  
In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
I will come.

—Boston Transcript.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

## A Trip to Atlanta.

Would the account of a trip from  
Bloomfield to Atlanta interest your  
readers, do you think? "Yes," Well then  
allow me to submit the following: Do  
you remember—not "the cool Septem-  
ber"—but how the rain came down Tues-  
day night, three weeks ago? Assuming  
an affirmative response, let me ask you to  
imagine the discomfort involved in "flag-  
ging a train" at the Bloomfield Avenue  
crossing of the G. L. Road in the wet  
and the dark of such a night. Continue,  
please, your imagination's flight to Jer-  
sey City where everything is "sopping  
wet," drowned out. Both hackmen and  
expressmen have melted away, are in so-  
lution so to speak. Not one remains at  
the Depot to hear the plaintive cry of  
two bedraggled people, wanting a trunk  
taken to the P. R. R. Only the driver  
of a horse car lends a listening ear to the  
cry, and the trunk is accordingly  
hoisted upon the platform of that  
conveyance, and the two bedraggled  
people betake themselves to the humid  
closets of their interior. Nothing is to be  
seen of Jersey City as we clatter through  
the streets. A few scraggy evergreens, a  
sign or two, and the glowing glasses in  
the drug store windows are about all the  
light reveal to us as they shine, mellow  
and expansive through the misty medium  
of the rain, and the car windows drip-  
ping with moisture. The ride at an end,  
we are in the great waiting-room of the  
P. R. R. Depot. Here also is the rain,  
coming down through the roof. We ad-  
mire its persistence but regret that it is  
undirected. The waiting time is not  
long. The gates are thrown open  
and the train is moving. The poor  
little station, with its poor, little property tied  
up in a red cotton handkerchief, and  
a stunted self-an odoriferous reminder  
of the East and tobacco. Close at its side  
a lady whose very presence and  
demeanor are eloquent with that nameless  
something which entitles, like a rare and  
valuable gem, those who are born and  
reared in the delicate atmosphere of re-  
fined wealth.

Behind these two, so widely dissimilar,  
stand the plus and minus quantities  
of the great problem of the world's prob-  
lem.

At the steps of the "sleeper" we see a  
dusky faced, soft-voiced porter, sur-  
rounded by a group of men, apparently  
business men, who are dancing about  
him, brandishing their berth tickets and  
demanding to know where they belong.  
Altogether the scene reminds one of the  
southern in which the noble red-man is  
commonly supposed to prance and howl  
at his victim at the stake. Evading  
the small bedman, we enter the luxuri-  
ous Pullman sleeping car of the Pied-  
mont Air Line.

We have time to dispose of our bags  
and umbrellas and get comfortably  
seated, when the train goes slowly out  
of the station, and it is a quarter past nine,  
a rainy Tuesday night. Not many  
minutes elapse before the soft voiced  
porter with the dusky face (and a very  
white face it is too, appears with a  
white jacket over his blue uniform, and  
begins transforming the seats into "sure

enough" beds. When his work is finished  
they are sleeping accommodations in the  
car for from twenty to thirty persons.  
When the time for retiring arrived, your  
correspondent, not without some misgiv-  
ings, found herself mounting a small step-  
ladder preparatory to scaling the serene  
heights of the upper berth, a feat which  
she accomplished with some credit to her-  
self and the step-ladder too.

It is a bit tantalizing to feel that you  
are flying through a strange country in  
the stormy darkness of a rainy night,  
which utterly precludes the possibility  
of sight-seeing, even if you do not feel  
morally obligated to get as much sleep as  
the dreadful thunderings of the train, al-  
ternating with silence quite as dreadful,  
will allow. The morning finds us in  
Washington. We moved swiftly, but the  
snow is here awaiting us. "Beautiful!"  
here as everywhere else. Try as it may, it  
cannot purify our Capitol. It is a restless  
sea of ill-gotten, riotously enjoyed wealth;  
and of unpatriotic, political intrigue.  
None the less we strain our eyes for a  
glimpse of the great white dome, seen as  
yet but in picture; and as the train moves  
southward we obtain it. There it is,  
looking like an old acquaintance, thanks to  
the accuracy of the pencil. Once out of  
Washington we are moving through  
an interesting, slightly rolling country,  
houseless, stoneless. We look vainly for a  
cobble large enough to be "fired" at a  
bird by the regulation bad boy, or as to  
that for a house where the "poor but  
honest parents" of the aforementioned  
incurable could be supposed to reside.  
The view is depressing. No evidence of  
thrift, prosperity, happiness, or homes;  
and this, one ponders sadly, so near the  
heart of a great nation. What is the  
power whose magic can make this desert  
blossom as the rose. Is the secret in  
Washington, or Heaven?

On and on speeds the train, sometimes  
crossing a muddy creek, sometimes leav-  
ing behind it a clear little stream, curl-  
ing through the fields like one of our own  
Northern brooks. At last an occasional  
house, and the huts of the negroes are  
seen, dotting the landscape, here and  
there; some of the latter so very forlorn  
and broken down, that one is astounded  
to see smoke rising from their crazy  
chimneys. The way, as the train moves  
invariably built upon the outside, and to see  
the round black heads of the "picanin-  
nies" crowding the doorway. Still  
farther on in our journey my friend says  
consoling, "There are some rocks."  
True, but they have an unfamiliar air;  
their faces look biliously yellow and  
porous—not like the firm, gray boulders  
which so unconspicuously crown upon us  
from our Northern hills. We look  
eagerly at the water. Long ago  
we passed "Bull Run," a muddy "no-  
count" stream. There was nothing  
about it to remind us of its tragedy which  
was at once the nation's honor and dis-  
grace. The mounds that once marked  
the battle grounds have sunk to the level  
of the land about them. But here, at  
last, is a visible reminder of the war; a  
pile of ground partially enclosed by a  
broken-down, painted fence, above  
which is a weather-beaten board in-  
scribed with the words, "Sacred to the  
Memory of the Confederate Dead."

The day wears away with little to  
break its monotony in the interior of our  
car. At the various small stations along  
the route are many mules and horses  
standing saddled and bridled, showing  
that the common mode of travel among  
the people of the surrounding country is  
by horse and carriage. The mules are  
ordinary. One cannot fail to watch the  
mules with some interest for proof of the  
"malice aforethought," and dark design  
with which they are commonly credited;  
but no, they stand as innocently digni-  
fied and demure as many bank officers.  
It is therefore, my firm conviction that  
they, the mules, are the victims of gross  
misrepresentation. "We must trust  
the veracity of the illustrated press," is  
my next mental comment as I behold the  
lank, inert, long-haired, bilious looking  
"Southerners," who watched the incom-  
ing train without apparent interest in  
that, or anything else.

Spirits may not materialize—pictures  
certainly do; these people I have not  
seen before, but still I recognize them as  
old acquaintances.  
And now the day is dying. Its crimson  
life stains the snow and throws a  
glow upon the dull, cold forests. Only  
languid murmurs of admiration are  
elicited from the tired travelers by the  
beauty of this dying bed of the day.  
The train thunders on while we watch  
the gorgeous drapery of cloud turn to  
the sackcloth and ashes of mourning.

A more lively interest, however, is felt  
in the preparations for supper. The  
Pullman Buffet Steward takes his kitchen  
table and at your order a small  
table is placed before you covered with  
clean damask, and a neat lunch served.  
The bill of fare is not extensive, and yet  
it is enough so to set you wondering  
where "they" keep everything.  
To-night, your correspondent tries the  
lower berth, and finds it a delightful rest-  
ing place. The moon is shining softly.  
Raising the shade I find a dreamy pleasure  
in watching the ever-changing love-  
liness of the heaven above and the earth  
beneath, as the distance increases between  
me and the North. The beauties that  
meet the eye are so many that I ques-  
tion the expediency of going to sleep at  
all, but Nature quietly decides the mat-  
ter to suit herself. And, upon awaking,  
that it is morning. The ghost of the  
Northern winter haunts, even here, the  
sunny South. My waking is caused by  
the stopping of the train at a pretty  
little station, where a row of cozy cottages  
stand close together upon its side; a  
snowy, moonlit street, it rises before  
me yet like some place of restful beauty  
visited in sleep. We leave it behind us;  
and slumber, scared away by the silence,  
returns with the roar and din of the  
rushing train.

The second and last day of the journey  
breaks, and finds the travelers in our  
sleeper impatient of life delays, and  
those to whom the route is new, curious to  
know what kind of a place Atlanta  
will prove to be. The train has long ago lost  
the reputation of the fast train and ex-  
press. Its many long stops at attenuated  
wood piles, deserted cabins and such like  
places of importance, are matters of im-  
penetrable mystery to us, all the more  
mysterious because followed by such lei-  
surely locomotion "as would become a  
surely the Supreme Court much better  
to mention the "Cowpens" where we stopped  
twenty minutes for breakfast, walking  
a rod or two, more for the air and the  
exercise than the food. Here we get  
our first ideas of Southern cookery, which  
is as unlike our own as can be im-  
agined, and has a bread of every variety  
in making up the abundant, and well cooked  
barbarous to Southern notions, but of  
such a sort, nevertheless, as to make a  
hygienic dietist tear his hair.

There is little more to tell as there was  
little more to do. Some reading of

Atlanta papers, putting up books, get-  
ting into wraps, and we are in the suburbs  
of the Gate City. Unspeakingly forlorn  
they seem; but do not make the mistake  
of your correspondent and judge the place  
from its outskirts. The ride is a long one  
from Jersey to Georgia. Since leaving  
Washington we have passed through but  
three towns of importance: Charlotte,  
Danville and Lynchburg. Here we are:  
"All out for Atlanta!"

CARLILIA.

## Oiling the Troubled Waters.

The patented system by which Mr.  
Shields, of Perth, smooths the broken  
surface of the sea, is at the present  
moment being put upon its trials at the  
entrance to Folkestone harbor. The chair-  
man and directors of the Southeastern  
Railway Company have granted the use  
of their pier to Mr. Shields for his experi-  
ments. On the eastern side of the pier,  
where the entrance to the harbor is situ-  
ated, a leaden pipe, a thousand feet in  
length, has already been laid along the  
bottom of the sea. The pipe is furnished  
with a series of iron branches about two  
feet in length, and some seventy feet  
apart. Each branch terminates in a valve  
and a brass rose like that of a watering-  
pot. The main leaden pipe is connected  
at its shore end with a force-pump  
placed on the pier. By means of the  
force-pump, oil is driven through the  
leaden pipe, and out of the small perfora-  
tions in the roses. The oil then rises in  
minute globules to the surface, and  
rapidly spreads over a wide area. On  
Monday morning a brisk easterly breeze  
and a strong tide made it rough  
enough to cause some hesitation as to  
sending the patented system in a large  
out of the harbor. For the first time  
therefore, the virtues of the apparatus  
were tested. Some fifteen or twenty  
gallons of the cheapest rock oil (sixpence  
per gallon) were speedily pumped into  
the troubled waters. The effect was  
magical. In half an hour there was not  
a sign of broken water between the pier  
head and Copt Point. The barge came  
off to the western side of the pier in  
smooth water. A curious fact was the  
permanence of the result obtained.  
Though a very strong current was run-  
ning to the eastward, yet this small  
quantity of oil kept its original position  
for fully two hours. Mr. Shields is now  
laying down a shorter length of pipe (400  
yards) to the westward of the pier, where  
the force of the waves is much  
greater. Experiments will then be tried  
on a large scale, on the next occasion that  
heavy gales visit the coast. The mortar  
and oil shells, which are also inventions  
of Mr. Shields, are ready on the pier for  
this opportunity. If oil can "make them  
face the horrors of the Channel passage  
ought to feel their spirits revive at this  
intelligence.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 2.

In New York, when a horse drops dead  
in the street, the policeman on that beat  
examines the carcass, and ascertaining it  
to be actually dead, he reports the cir-  
cumstance to the roundman, as soon as  
he sees him. The roundman reports it  
to the sergeant on duty, who enters a  
minute of it on the blotter. The captain  
copies the report from the blotter and  
forwards it to the superintendent. He  
refers it to the Board of Health. The  
Board, through the Secretary, commu-  
nicate the fact to the Sanitary Committee.  
The Sanitary Committee refers it to the  
Bureau of Vital Statistics, and this  
Bureau gives the necessary instructions  
to a contractor, who, if he has nothing  
else to do, and happens to feel in the  
right mood, orders a foreman to order a  
couple of men to go and remove it. In  
the meantime, somebody has pulled the  
shoes off the dead animal, and a band of  
nomadic soap-famers have got away  
with the rest of the carcass.—*Burlington  
Hawkeye*.

A DISTINGUISHED prima donna says she  
finds oysters the best, if not the only cure  
for hoarseness. They are also easier to  
take than the average medicine.

DISPENSE trifling affronts, and they will  
vanish. A little water will put out a fire  
which blown up would burn a city.—*Samuel  
Maudsley*.

## List of Letters

Remaining undelivered in the Post Office  
at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday,  
Feb. 13th, 1884.

Andrews, Geo. H. I.  
Baldwin, W. E. Jenkins, Mary  
Bowers, John P. Metcalf, Michael  
Chapman, Mrs. Flor. Purdy, Wm. F.  
Coffey Bros. Reilly, Patrick  
Cuniff, Timothy G. H. Blum, (care  
Demarest, T. B. Ward, Mrs. T.  
Decker, Wm. Wilson, Samuel  
Durning, Chas. Williams, I.  
Gilbert, W. L. Williams, Mrs. Wm.  
Hayes, Daniel Woonan, Mrs. B.

Any person calling for the above will  
please ask for "advertised" letters.  
H. DODD, P. M.

## REAL ESTATE.

## Wanted to Rent.

Houses from \$15 to \$50 per month; also, Fur-  
nished Houses, from \$40 to \$100 per month.  
As I am now making my list for the season  
of 1884, I respectfully request all owners of Real  
Estate, in Bloomfield and vicinity, desiring to  
Rent, Sell or Exchange their property, to place  
the same on my books at their earliest conveni-  
ence. No charges except sale, rental or ex-  
change is made.

THOMAS B. BAXTER,  
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,  
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## For Sale Low.

In the Morris neighborhood. The homestead  
dwelling of the late Peter Groshong, with barn  
and one acre of land. The buildings are nearly  
new and in perfect order. The house has eight  
rooms, and the barn has stalls for two horses.  
Good well and cisterns. Plenty of fruit and  
shade. Immediate possession. Will be sold at a  
low price and on easy terms to close the estate.  
Apply to  
THOS. C. DODD, Executor.

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Real Estate and Insurance Broker.

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AND  
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POTTER HOUSE, Etc.,

ON BAY AVENUE.

Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot  
and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar-Alarm,  
Etc. House and barn in complete order. Garden  
with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession  
immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or  
to D. OSBORN, 419 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

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and 7 to 9 P. M.  
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GAS FITTING,  
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ALL STYLES OF  
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customers to give me a call. I sell the BEST QUALITY OF  
FRESH, CORNED, AND SMOKED MEATS.  
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